

THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1009.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1836.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 1s.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts of England, in the Summer of 1835. By Sir George Head, author of "Forest Scenes, &c. in North America." 12mo. pp. 434. London, 1836. Murray.

SIR GEORGE HEAD, among the most lively of scampering travellers, seems to be also the most rapid of lively writers. He makes nothing of a trip and a book, a three months' tour, and three volumes 12mo., if not 8vo. ! We have here already the results of an excursion in the summer of last year, when the author, we believe, was engaged in the onerous duties of a poor laws' commissioner, and yet found time to make not only a good thick *tome* , but an apology for making it. "On some matters whereon I have treated (he says), I ought, perhaps, to have been more deeply versed; sometimes I may have descanted in a trivial strain; but, travelling in homely guise, without pretensions to science, my materials were collected merely from personal observation — my subjects, rough and smooth, were those that first fell in my way — and the volume, from beginning to end, was written to beguile solitary hours, and from the desire of occupation. The period of the tour is the last summer; in a very few instances incidents exclusively belonging to the preceding year have been introduced, but to such deviations reference, when necessary, has been made." Surely he must be no common *Head* who could perform all the labours of an arduous inquiry, and have solitary hours to beguile with the gay recreations of the pen. For Sir George is very sportive in this performance; though, in our opinion, not so successful as in preceding productions. Whether the materials were more stubborn, or whether some of them were too light to bear congenial juxtaposition with their graver neighbours, we know not; but we confess that they generally appear to us to be too laborious efforts after the playful and jocose. In the latter vein, we may add, they often verge upon the limits of exact propriety and decorum; the ideas being somewhat prurient, though the language is decent. The prophet beneath is unsightly, though the veil which covers him is well spun, and draped in an artist-like style.

Sir George visited Liverpool, Southport, Chester, Manchester, Buxton, Matlock, Halifax, Wakefield, Leeds, Hull, Scarborough, Whitby, Sunderland, Newcastle, Kendal, Whitehaven, Preston, and other intervening places, and gives us many statistical and manufacturing observations and details respecting them. But as these are usual with all tourists, and most of them to be found in road-books, guide-books, and geographies, we shall apply ourselves chiefly to the author's *faciès* to illustrate our criticism. As the subject of tunnels and railroads is at present occupying a good deal of public attention, however, we commence our extracts with a picture of one of these vastly pleasant subterranean rides — from Liverpool to Manchester.

"On the occasion of my passing through the tunnel, before alluded to, I sat in the fore-

most carriage of a train, by which were conveyed, among merchandise of many descriptions, a quantity of pigs and live cattle. The carriages were drawn about three hundred yards within the mouth of the tunnel, upon a level, by a single horse, which, at the foot of the inclined plane, was unhitched and sent back. Preparatory to the ascent, the foremost carriage was made fast, by a messenger line, to the endless rope communicating with the stationary engine at the east end, when, at the signal of a bell, the wire of which reaches the whole length, viz. a mile and a quarter, the engine commenced its labours, and we trundled onwards in the dark at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. There are, indeed, lights at rare intervals within the tunnel; but, nevertheless, by far the greater part of the distance is performed in total darkness. As we passed along, a train came rumbling downwards, by its own gravity, in an opposite direction. The effect was awfully grand at the approach of so stupendous a body rushing towards us in the dark, with a sound like that of distant artillery; while its conductor sat in front, holding in his hand a small glimmering lantern. The scene brought the regions of Pluto to the imagination, while the hogs grunted, and the calves lowed in funeral cadence, like a legion of discontented spirits."

What a charming treat for fashionable and invalid passengers! But, please the pigs! we will return to them.

"The service of attending a cargo of pigs, and remaining in their company below, — when it is considered that the flavour rising from their hides is so strong as to taint a column of air a mile long or more, and nobody knows exactly how broad, — must be really arduous. I have understood, however, that such attendance is absolutely necessary, and regularly performed, in order to stir them up, as the only means, the creatures being so closely packed, to prevent their suffocation. At all events, on the present occasion, men were doing duty below manfully, in a hot and corrupted atmosphere. As each pig walked up the platform, Paddy behind with a small switch, whenever the animal attempted to swerve, persuaded him with a delicate touch on the rump. The animal, probably mistaking this for the bite of a fly, gently placed one leg forward: this was no sooner set in its place, than another tickle of the switch on the other side caused him to advance the other. An Irishman can certainly, in common cases, do more with his pig than the native of any other country; and this is, no doubt, mainly owing to his treating the beast with kindness. A very short time ago I met a man leading a large boar in a string through the town of Litchfield. It was not necessary to inquire whither the latter and his gentleman usher were going; but I could not help stopping to have a little conversation with the man, to which the boar, with a playful glance of his eye, actually seemed to be listening. The creature followed his master as willingly as a dog, a leathern thong being tied loosely round his thick neck; and I was assured, that, by kind treatment alone, he had been brought to such a state of discipline as to

be thoroughly depended on. Once or twice during the time the man stopped, the boar seemed anxious to proceed; and though he did not put forth his strength, his weight alone called for a counteracting power. In order to stop him, the man placed one foot against his flank, as a purchase, and then, the other foot resting on the ground, he laid his shoulders to the draft, and pulled him off his centre."

Our next quotation will, we think, afford another equally strong proof of the justice of our preliminary remarks: it refers to Stockport Sands, the favourite resort of Liverpool and Manchester belles and beaux. Sir George tells us —

"The ceremony of ladies bathing is accompanied with some peculiarities. Owing to the rapid rise and fall of the tide they are obliged to be particularly quick in their movements, so that, not only those who are about to dip are as busy as bees, but likewise the mothers, and aunts, and sisters, and cousins, and friends, who attend them. And, perhaps, it is this appearance of bustle that always attracts a gang of idlers, who, having nothing better to do, stand by and look on. I did not remark any specific regulations enforced as to distance among the spectators, which point seemed to be decided by custom and common consent to every body's satisfaction. A painted board, nevertheless, placed in a conspicuous position in the rear of a score or upwards of bathing machines standing in a line, decrees that those of the gentlemen shall not advance nearer than one hundred yards to those of the ladies; and further, that all pleasure-boats are prohibited from approaching the ladies when bathing, within the distance of thirty yards, under the penalty, in case of contempt of the regulation, of five shillings; a fine which, under the circumstances, cannot, I think, be called exorbitant. I am not aware how it is proposed to adjust a case of disputed distance, some favour being properly due to the variation of the steersman's eye on such an occasion. The amount of the fine has been calculated, probably, by those best able to assess the damage, and affords the means of turning, in these liberal days, even a lady's charms to the good of the parish. The insulted fair one becomes a public benefactress, while the gentleman fined, provided his eyes are tolerably good, has no cause to complain of the draft on his purse. The fine, moreover, falling on the boat's crew, would be paid in a kind of *ad valorem* rate, as the case might be — not exceeding, at all events, a few pence per naked lady. All the old bathing women at Southport (to make use of an Hibernicism) are young men, that is to say, stout, lusty fellows, under middle age. Whether the service diminishes the chilling effects of the water; whether it makes young men old, or old men young, is a point, they say, not yet determined; at all events, the young ladies, one and all, without hesitation, submit to their guidance, such as they are. The guide, or male personage, or what not, having taken his post in front of the door of the machine, in the usual manner, the young lady undresses within. Having disencumbered herself of her apparel, she puts on a dark blue

bathing dress, (in which I perceived no other difference from those commonly used, than that it was invariably fastened with strings between the ankles,) and, in this costume, makes her appearance, "*albo sic humero nitens, ut pura nocturno renidet luna mari*,"—(her shoulder white as the clear moonbeam that glitters on the midnight sea.)—on the upper step of the sanctuary. Presenting both her hands to the guide, and supported by his grasp, she then falls backwards on the wave, receiving the embraces of old Neptune as young ladies usually do, with the accompaniments of squeaking, giggling, kicking, splashing, and wincing."

This is lively enough, though, as an old Frenchman we knew used to say, "*mais—but?*" Encore.

"Women are tender, nervous creatures, and somehow or other, whenever they have to deal with that rude, rough animal, man, they universally put themselves into a twitter. I particularly remarked that every one of these damsels began to be fussy the moment, or rather a few moments before, her turn to be carried arrived; and invariably one and all anticipated the gallants, by stepping forward most unnecessarily to meet them, and placing each her dainty little foot in the puddle. But this action was merely preliminary, and quite trifling compared with the furious fit of the fidgets which followed on being actually lifted. This ceremony was attended by an innumerable host of little difficulties. First they would not be helped at all,—then they would be helped, but their clothes were in the way. Some found fault because the gentlemen placed their hands too high,—others squeaked because they were too low,—then they were sure they would fall forwards,—and then, again, there was nothing at all to prevent their falling backwards; so that, finally, what with all their whims and fancies, they really, poor things! became seriously frightened, sometimes, as if wrought to a frenzy of ungovernable agitation, seizing the bean by his curly poll; at other times by an ear or a whisker. However, they were no sooner on board than their fears were all forgotten; and they became so joyous and happy, that the bloom of youth and hilarity not only irradiated their own countenances, but also shed a reflected light all round."

Passing on to the salt mines at Northwich, the account is much exaggerated, or they have changed greatly since we visited them.

"Having wandered a long way, through vast space, but almost in darkness, we came again to the foot of the shaft. Previous to ascending, my guide went a little out of the way, in order to carry a pail of water to an old horse, who, as the workmen were absent for the whole day, was standing by himself in perfect solitude, and, till we came, without any light at all. Alone, and in darkness, he must, poor fellow, from necessity, live for many hours in the year, and pass, thus neglected, a very considerable portion of his time. He loudly expressed his gratitude for the water, and I took an opportunity of examining his condition while he was drinking. I was surprised to find it particularly good: unlike the flaccid, though fine-coated state of horses in coal-pits, his was that of a firm crest and perfect health, a fact I attribute specially to the salubrious effects of the salt. His stall was comfortable and dry, as was the whole space below contained in this pit. I saw no appearance whatever of water during the whole time I was below. As we were drawn up, I failed to experience the joyous bounding sensation I felt at being whisked upwards nearly three times the dis-

tance from the bottom of a Whitehaven coal-pit. Whether it was that here they have a delicate way of treating sight-seeing people, or that the steam of the engine was hardly up, I do not know; at all events, we rose exceedingly slow; so much so, that it felt to me as if the powers of the engine were dying away, and that we were about to return, as the sailors say, by the run. When within a few yards of the summit, the wheel made a few gentle oscillations, letting us down a little way, and then drawing us up again; so that I was truly glad the moment I could catch a firm grip above, and step out of the bucket. A certain degree of velocity in ascending is indispensable to impress the mind with a confidence in the power by which one is raised; and though I have heard of people who, when drawn up quickly, have been so seriously affected by the motion, as to be obliged to be rolled on the grass at the top before they could recover their sensation, I, for my part, think that the quicker one is pulled up, and out of such deep holes as these, the better. The salt, after being prepared by the solution of the rock and evaporation, is formed by wooden moulds, with holes at the bottom, to allow the remaining water to pass through into cubical blocks, and in this state shipped, either by the river Weaver and canal to Weston Point, and thence into the Mersey, or by the canal southward. A considerable quantity is prepared from the brine springs, some of which are so strongly saturated as to hold in solution the greatest possible quantity of salt. To the water of some of these springs, rock-salt is added while boiling in the pans. From these springs the water, or brine, is raised by a shaft sunk, and a pump worked by an ordinary steam engine."

The latter passages we have included, as giving a fair notion of this important production, which, since the days of the Romans, has been highly distinguished in our national traffic. In their days it passed for money; and hence, by the by, the origin of the Eton boys collecting *salt money*, annually, at their montem at Salthill.

A bundle of matches, or marriages, at Manchester, will furnish our next specimen:—

"I attended the Old Church at Manchester one Monday morning, in order to witness the solemnisation of several marriages I had reason to suppose were then and there to take place. I had heard on the preceding Sunday the banns proclaimed as follows: For the first time of asking, sixty-five; for the second time, seventy-two; for the third time, sixty. Total, one hundred and ninety-seven. Having been informed that it would be expedient to be on the spot at eight in the morning, I repaired thither at that hour. Operations, however, did not commence before ten. The latter is the usual time of proceeding to business; although, in cases of persons married by license, eight o'clock is the hour. A full quarter of an hour before the striking of the clock, two beadles in their parish liveries had taken ground opposite the church door, and a sufficient number of persons (chiefly young women) had assembled, whose curious and anxious looks testified that something extraordinary was about to take place. By this time, also, suspicious-looking persons in pairs had begun to arrive on foot, whose countenances were scrutinised without mercy by the loiterers. As the church door was not open, every body waited to be let in. The couples were all poor people; and as to the brides and bridegrooms, as few were dressed in special costume, and all were very generally attended by friends and relatives, it was not easy

to say which was which. One party arrived at the church door, belonging evidently (as every thing in this world goes by comparison) to the higher classes; and, though dragged by one solitary horse, they made an effort to outshine. The carriage was a narrow *vis-à-vis* fly, intended for two persons, though it now contained four, besides a fat man with bushy whiskers (probably the bride's brother), on the box with the coachman. Within, packed as close as they could possibly sit, on one side were the two bridesmaids; opposite sat the bride and bridegroom, the latter a spruce sandy-haired young man, looking flushed and eager. One of his arms was round the waist of the young lady, on whom he bestowed glances of the very tenderest description. In fact, attitude and all considered, I hardly knew whether to compare him, in my mind, to the statue of Cupid regarding his Psyche, or a Scotch terrier watching at a rat-hole. The coachman and his companion wore white favours; the former, meditating effect, inflicted some smart strokes of the whip on the horse, intending to bring him on his haunches with a jerk, but the poor jaded animal, evidently over-driven, had sense enough to anticipate the object proposed, and stopped dead short a few paces before, by which both men on the box were very nearly pitched over his head. The people sat in the fly till the church door was opened, and then the ladies got out and tripped across the pavement into the church. They wore short petticoats, and white satin bonnets scooped out in the hind part, with sugar-loaf crowns, and their back hair underneath combed upwards. When all was ready and the church-doors opened, the clergyman and clerk betook themselves to the vestry; and the people who were about to be married and their friends seated themselves in the body of the church opposite the communion table, on benches which were placed there for the purpose. Not less than fifty people were assembled, among whom I took my seat quietly, without being noticed. The party who had arrived upon wheels most exclusively paraded, in the mean time, up and down (as if unwilling to identify themselves with the humbler candidates for matrimony), in another part of the church. The people at first took their seats in solemn silence, each one inquisitively surveying his neighbour; but as the clergyman and clerk were some time in preparation, the men first began to whisper one to another, and the women to titter, till by degrees they all threw off their reserve, and made audible remarks on the new comers. There was little *mauvaise honte* among the women; but of the men, poor fellows! some were seriously abashed; while among the hymeneal throng there seemed to prevail a sentiment that obtains pretty generally among their betters, namely, the inclination to put shy people out of conceit with themselves. Thus, at the advance of a sheepish-looking bridegroom, he was immediately assailed on all sides with, *Come in, man; what art afraid of? Nobody 't hurt thee*; and then a general laugh went round in a repressed tone, but quite sufficient to confound and subdue the new comer. Presently a sudden buzz broke out—"*The clergyman's coming!*" and all was perfectly silent. About twelve couples were there to be married, the rest were friends and attendants. The former were called upon to arrange themselves altogether round the altar. The clerk was an adept in his business, and performed the duties of his office in a mode admirably calculated to set the people at their ease, and direct the proceedings. In appointing them to their proper

places, he addressed each in an intonation of voice particularly soft and soothing, and which carried with it the more of encouragement as he made use of no appellative but the Christian name of the person spoken to. Thus he proceeded: '*Daniel and Phæbe; this way, Daniel; take off your gloves, Daniel. William and Anne; no, Anne; here, Anne; t'other side, William. John and Mary; here, John; oh, John; gently, John.*' And then addressing them all together: '*Now all of you give your hats to some person to hold.*' Although the marriage service appeared to me to be generally addressed to the whole party, the clergyman was scrupulously exact in obtaining the accurate responses from each individual. No difference was shewn towards the exclusive party, other than by being placed on the extreme left."

As a pendant and conclusion, we shall take Sir George's description of a place where marriages do not take place in crowds:—

"I took," he says, "advantage of a fine morning, hired a horse at Carlisle, and rode to Gretna. The old original marrying-house is in the village of Springfield, nearly a mile from Gretna Green, an exceedingly small public-house, kept at present by one John Sowerby, as notified by a square sign, nailed against the side of the house, over the door. The house, since the days of old David or Daniel Laing, the notorious blacksmith, has undergone no alteration, and the same business as formerly is transacted under its roof; but the matrimonial branch is now confined almost altogether to the poorer classes:—although the officiating clergymen are various, many is the epithalamium that in humble life still resounds within its walls. That the edifice, small as it is, is large enough for all reasonable purposes, is evident by the numerous scribbles in prose and in verse, who, in various ways, have been pleased on the windows and on the walls to bear testimony to hours passed agreeably, and express otherwise their entire satisfaction. Among these I was informed (for the room in question, during my visit, was occupied by a newly married pair) may be seen the handwriting of the late Lord E——. Gretna Hall, a very respectable-looking country inn, is immediately contiguous to Gretna Green, which latter is, as many people know, a small rural common, nine miles from Carlisle. At this house, all the modern matrimonial affairs, among the higher classes, have of late years been conducted; and hither all inquiring strangers are directed point blank; besides, a painted board points out the way from the Green to lovers and travellers, along a wide, straight drive leading to the door. The establishment possesses considerable advantages over the old one—indeed the one is a comfortable country residence, whereas the other more resembles a pot-house, such as the '*Jolly Sailor*,' or '*The Three Loggerheads*,' in a seaport town. The new clergyman also, who may be said, phoenix-like, to have arisen from the ashes of the old one,—for whether or not the ancient Daniel or David departed in a fit of spontaneous combustion, is a point, I believe, hardly determined,—exists under terms of comparison with his predecessor equally favourable. He is not only clergyman, but landlord also—both persons in one; whence it arises, partly proceeding from his own moral qualities, and partly owing to his office of landlord, which confines him to the spot, that he possesses those qualifications that every Gretna Green clergyman ought to have,—namely, he is at all times to be found in a hurry: and, finally, when found, sober, and able to perform

his duty. In person he is a slight, fair, good-looking man; in age about forty, of prepossessing manners, and mild and respectful in his demeanour; without bearing the mien of a dignitary of the church, he seems a person qualified to encourage a timid bride, or allay the scruples of any young lady his customer, provided she chanced to bring any so far along with her. On the present occasion, he was dressed in the style of a respectable layman or farmer,—altogether in rural costume, namely, a clean, tidy, light-coloured fustian shooting-jacket and shooting etceteras. In case of emergencies a qualified deputy or sub-clergyman resides on the spot, in the person of a slim, civil, harmless-looking lad, his son, who, were it not that youth, where the fair sex are concerned, seldom detracts from personal merit, might be thought too young: though he states his age to be two and twenty, he looks hardly out of his teens. At all events, it is well to insure against the possibility of disappointment, and prudent thus to have, in case the old man should happen to be out of the way, a young one at hand. No matter by which of the clergymen the everlasting knot be tied, whether by the young one or the old one, a regular entry of the marriage is made in a book kept for the purpose: this entry, after some months, is copied into the register; in the mean time, the register alone is submitted to the inspection of inquisitive strangers. The house, though comfortable, is on a moderate scale in point of size; the apartments scrupulously tidy, rather to be called snug than spacious: the furniture is really excellent. The site, as a country residence, is equally calculated for retirement and meditation, exultation or repentance. While the casual visitor is exhilarated by a refreshing airiness and agreeable rural scenery, every possible accommodation is afforded to lovers that lovers can require:—particularly the little garden, embellished with its flowery banks, affords a retreat worthy of Calypso, and the arbours, literally impervious to the eye of a robin, are such as wherein even the most fastidious Rosamond could, I think, hardly, with justice, if accompanied by a suitable helpmate, complain of her bower."

With this we dismiss the volume, which, though not altogether consistent with good taste, contains a great deal of innocently entertaining, as well as instructive matter.

Wood Leighton; or, a Year in the Country.
By Mary Howitt. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Bentley.

WE must confess that we are disappointed in these volumes. Touches there certainly are both of nice perception of character and of exquisite description; but the whole is a failure. The sketches are too obviously copies of Miss Mitford, without her singular power of reality; and the stories are equally imitations of the author of "*May you Like it*," but without the interest which invest even his simplest stories. The principal tale, "*Denborough Park; or, the Heirs Expectant*," is wire-drawn to a degree, and over-crowded with characters that take no hold on the imagination. The mysteries, too, are left unexplained—a want arguing poverty of invention. An elderly Indian general always sleeps with a chest containing a skeleton under his bed; but why, it is never stated. It is also discovered "that the proboscis of his nose" had been pierced so as to admit a ring; and that his two great toes had been amputated; reason unexplained. Now this is childish trifling: equally absurd and exaggerated are the fanciful horrors of the

Freemantles. They neither develop a purpose nor forward the story. The fact is, that Mary Howitt takes up a subject only on the picturesque side; and there is much more wanting for the conduct of a narrative. Her great deficiency is in dramatic power: the improbable and the inconsistent are continually forced upon our notice. We shall now proceed to our pleasanter task of pointing out beauties. What true natural poetry is in the following "*Advantage of spring*!"—

"From the moment that frosts and snows take their flight, almost every day comes accompanied by some cause of delight. Even in January you have come upon you what you can only describe as a spring feeling; a feeling of heart-gladdness, of renewed hope, of something akin to the delicious sensations of youth. There is a greater light and cheerfulness in the face of day,—the landscape has an indefinable but certain brightening of hue, though not a leaf is out, and scarce a bud is visible. The gale that blows upon your cheek is cool, but fresh—gratefully fresh. A note of the thrush will be heard here and there—a carol of the lark already overheard in a brief glimpse of sunshine; and, besides all this, there is a dancing and expanding of the heart that is partly influenced by these circumstances, but yet more, perhaps, by the influence of the season on the frame than by their direct effect on the mind. Be it, however, explainable as it may, there it is; we feel it in body and soul. And from day to day, all this goes on: days become longer, fairer, more gladsome; the country greener, fuller of buds, leaves, flowers; the sun rejoices above, the running water flashes in his beams, and seems rejoicing below, in rivers and brooks, and little runlets through fields and over heaths, and in cascades amongst the woods. Birds, one tribe after another, open anew their concert; young lambs are seen, white and curly, and with looks of the most innocent beauty, and fill the meadows with their tender bleatings; and the foal gambols and gallops in its new life round its mother. But it is in vain to trace all the delightful and accumulating amenities of spring: we go on from day to day, meeting them, till the country is all one wide paradise. But when we meet them in a new place, we have a double pleasure. As we see them come out in succession, they appear like old friends in new situations; we welcome them with a double gladness; and they give to the scene where we now meet them features of beauty and estimation they had not before. They commend them to our hearts. With what delight do we see the first pure snowdrop appear in our garden! with what delight did I see it spring in our garden at Wood Leighton! First a single flower or two hastening before their fellows to shew themselves beneath our windows, and then whole tufts of them embellishing our borders and the edges of the shrubberies. And hepaticas and cerulean houndstongues, the yellow aconite, and the brave, familiar orange of the crocus, like little clusters of flame bursting from the fresh brown soil, intermingled with tufts of their purple brethren. And then violets as purple, and ten times fuller of the sweetness of bountiful spring. These had been succeeded by a thousand blossoms and clustering leaves on plant and tree, till our garden was become a new place to our eyes, its beauty enhanced beyond conception;—a place all sunshine and sweetness, a circumscribed and umbrageous fairy-land. And abroad—the same process in all our walks. It is impossible to express how the whole

country had grown upon our affection and admiration as the season went on. To see the violets beneath the hedges; to see the dear old primroses come out, starring mossy banks, gleaming under the wood side, gathering about the roots of the old trees; it was giving a new and particular interest to particular spots, over and above the general pleasantness of the country, and was like the meeting of a familiar friend, telling us that these spots we must love, and love for ever."

A country picture taken from the life:—

"We had known Betty Bolsover, the travelling pedleress, who came once a year to the home of our childhood, a welcome guest, in her long blue cloak and man's hat; a big, bony woman of near six feet high. She carried a flat basket divided into compartments, containing thread tied in hanks, white and whitey brown; combs and buttons; bodkins and bodkin-cases, turned both in bone and wood: she sold ferreting for shoe-strings and smart-coloured worsted garters; pins and White-chapel needles, warranted with gold eyes and not to cut the thread; Whitechapel sharps, which, as she averred, would sew of themselves: then, too, she had bobbin flat and round, and tapes fine and coarse, all good linen-thread tapes. But of all Betty's wares, none equalled, in my childish fancy, the beauty of those tin tea-caddies, some vermilion, on which golden shells laid among bronze seaweed were figured; some yellow, round about which went a march of peacocks shining in red and purple and green; and some black, on which were set forth united hearts, united hands; Cupids with torches and Cupids without, a very valentine of a tea-caddy, bordered round with intertwined wedding-rings, and on the front this legend in golden letters:—

'When two in Hymen's bonds agree
To live a life of unity,
Let me be chose their tea to keep,
My lock is good, my price is cheap.'

An English Park.—"And it was scenery that deserved unmixed attention:—green slopes lying in light contrasted with shadowy hollows; clumps of trees, or some majestic oak of five centuries' growth, which held up aloft, above its green leafiness, a splintered and whitened crown of decaying branches, or yet more grotesquely seemed bowed with the weight of its years, decaying in trunk and branch even while it yet garlanded a few outspreading arms with fresh verdure: here and there, too, lay herds of deer, the image of sylvan repose, or rushed past them, startled from their rest, with a twinkling of horns, and a rush like the passing of a gale. Occasionally, too, they caught glimpses of still lakelike waters lying low and in shadow, bordered round with reeds, or by the green smooth turf which was reflected as in a mirror. Herons were soaring away to their night-trees; there was now and then heard the deep, soothing coo of the wood-pigeon; and, advancing down a slope towards the house, under broad, spreading beech-trees, they perceived a troop of peacocks, arching their gorgeous necks and extending their long trains on the turf. It was made up of images of grandeur—noble antiquity and present prosperity and ease: no wonder that our sanguine travellers soon forgot that doubt and disappointment have any part in human affairs."

These are passages that come upon us like delicious paintings; landscapes, the more enjoyed for their contrast to the busier and more crowded scenes of the city around us. It is in such scenes that Mary Howitt excels, and in

her delightful ballads. Why does she not give us a volume of them?

The History of Brazil, from the Arrival of the Braganza Family, in 1808, to the Abdication of Don Pedro, in 1831, &c. &c. By John Armitage, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1836. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THESE volumes will supply a very useful sequel to the admired work of Dr. Southey. The author resided long in the country, and saw much of what he relates. He has also had access to valuable documents and state papers, which have enabled him to execute his task most satisfactorily, and combine into one harmonious whole the masses of detached and scattered information which the British public possess of the Brazil, besides enriching us with much original intelligence of his own.

Such being the nature and sterling character of this publication, though in its details it is more brief and sketchy than is usual with solid history, we shall simply refer our readers to it, and select a few passages to enable them to judge of its manner, matter, and merits. We commence with a peep at affairs in 1822.

"The 12th of October, the birth-day of the prince, being appointed for his formal recognition, the functionaries of the court, the municipal authorities, the troops, and an immense concourse of people, were early in attendance, and the ceremony took place in the Campo de Santa Anna, where his highness publicly declared that he accepted the title of Constitutional Emperor of Brazil, from the conviction that it was conferred on him by the will of the people. At the same time he stated, that he would accept, and put in force, the constitution which might shortly be expected from the constituent and legislative assembly, provided that this document were worthy of himself and of Brazil. The troops then fired a salute, and the city was illuminated in the evening. The final solemnity of the coronation was postponed until the 1st of December. Don Pedro was at this period still young, and was blessed beyond the common lot of princes in the amiable disposition of the empress, Donna Carolina Leopoldina. Though she was not beautiful, yet her kindness of heart and her unassuming manners were such as to endear her to all around her; and a long and brilliant future appeared to await the happy monarch. Under a more economical management, the state of the finances had been gradually ameliorated, and the late appointment of Martin Francisco, the brother of the chief minister, to the superintendence of this department, gave hopes that it would henceforward meet with an honest and efficient administration. The cities of Bahia, Maranham, Pará, and Monte Video, were still held by Portuguese troops, supported by a numerous and well-appointed squadron; but, as it will shortly appear, the energy and foresight of José Bonifacio had already provided adequate means for their speedy and effectual expulsion. It may certainly be urged, that there was neither any privileged class of nobility whose interest it was to form a barrier around the emperor, and to protect him in the face of mal-administration, however flagrant; nor were the clergy either placed in circumstances, or influenced by convictions, inducing them to preach the theory of the 'divine right'; yet public opinion, that 'Queen of the world,' as Don Pedro himself styled her, in his correspondence with his father, was almost universally in his favour, and had he governed with even common prudence, he might have been completely success-

ful in strengthening and consolidating his newly constituted authority.

"The coronation took place on the 1st of December, and the event was celebrated by great festivities and rejoicings. The enthusiasm of several of the patriots is nevertheless said to have been somewhat damped by the unexpected promulgation of a decree, dated on the same day, in which his majesty stated, 'that being desirous to augment with his imperial munificence the means of remunerating the services rendered to him, he had, in conformity with the constant practice of the august monarchs, his predecessors, determined to found a new order of knighthood, to be denominated, 'The Order of the Crusader.' This unexpected resumption of a feudal usage, the unfortunate results of which had been so fully exemplified since its adoption in Brazil, during the preceding reign, naturally became productive of much dissatisfaction; more especially among all such of the patriots as were inclined to republican principles. In the provinces of the north this was even more apparent than in Rio de Janeiro; and a pamphlet was there published, denominated an 'Analysis of the decree of the 1st of December,' wherein the author contended, that all such services as those alluded to in the document in question, were rendered to the nation rather than to the emperor; and that, consequently, all decrees for their recompense ought in justice to emanate from the deputies of the nation only. Throughout the entire pamphlet there was also much exaggerated declamation and complaint against all that had hitherto been done by the new administration; and it appears beyond a doubt, that it tended materially to augment the disaffection existing both in Bahia and Pernambuco to the still uncemented authority of his imperial majesty. The exterior relations of the country were, however, still the paramount object with the public as well as with the administration; and the necessity of expelling the Portuguese forces from all the various points of the empire of which they still held possession, having already met with the timely attention of José Bonifacio, by a decree, dated the 11th of December, all property in Brazil, belonging to Portuguese subjects, was sequestered."

For variety's sake we shall now copy a description of the *Banda Oriental*.—"The Banda Oriental, or, as it was formerly termed, the Cisplatine province, is situated on the margin of the river Plata, and is bounded on the west by the Uruguay, and on the east by the Atlantic ocean. On the north, it is partially separated from the province of Rio Grande by the Ubiqui Guazu, falling into the Uruguay, and the Jaguarao running into the Atlantic; and altogether comprehends a territory of one hundred leagues from north to south, by about eighty from east to west. The principal towns are the sea-ports of Monte Video, Maldonado, and Colonia del Sacramento. There are also a few towns of less importance in the interior, but Monte Video is the only place of any extensive commerce. Its exports consist exclusively of hides, horns, tallow, and jerked beef. The province contains no plantations of any description; nor, indeed, any agricultural establishments whatever, excepting a few small farms in the immediate vicinity of the towns. The interior consists of one vast expanse of undulating plains, utterly devoid of inclosures: the only boundaries being the small streams with which the province is intersected. The margins of these are overrun with thickets, which, from the prevalence of the sarandi, an

aquatic shrub, can only be penetrated at certain passes opened for the convenience of travellers. On the open plains no trees are to be seen, excepting such as have been planted by the hand of man. Ostriches, deer, and wild horses, abound throughout the province, and the fastnesses on the banks of the rivers are much infested by the ounce, and the jaguar, or American tiger. The scanty population consists exclusively of Gauchos, or herdsmen, and their families. These are a mixed race, principally of Indian and Spanish extraction; and their sole employment is the tending of cattle, which is invariably performed on horseback. Their dress is similar to the European costume, excepting that they wear a wrapper of baize around the waist, after the fashion of a Highland kilt, and are universally furnished with a poncho, or cloak, made from an oblong piece of cloth, through the centre of which is an orifice for the head of the wearer. From their infancy they are accustomed to mount the most ungovernable horses, and also at an early age to attain surprising expertness in the management of the lasso and the bolas. *

"In their manners, the Gauchos are hospitable and kind; yet they are also quarrelsome, unprincipled, and cruel. The wars which have agitated the Spanish provinces, ever since 1810, have in part contributed to this. Equipped only with his bolas, his lasso, and the knife invariably stuck in his girdle, every Gaucho is from his habits a soldier; animated by the spirit of nationality, and ever eager to engage in corporeal strife. Amongst such a people the affections can have but little sway, and home but few attractions. It is on the plains that their physical energies are developed, their emulation excited, and their triumphs achieved. Their habitations are wretched huts, constructed of wicker-work and clay, and thatched in such an imperfect manner as to afford a very inefficient defence against the inclemencies of the weather. Their leisure hours are, for the most part, devoted to gaming, of which they are inordinately fond. When travelling through uninhabited districts, or when benighted, they are in the habit of forming a bed from their saddles, which consist of several detached pieces, and after manacling their horses, to sleep in the open air, under no covering but a poncho. Like the men, the women are also excellent equestrians, and perform all their journeys, however short the distance, on horseback. Such are the inhabitants of the interior of the Banda Oriental; the province, whose subjugation by the Portuguese, as well as its subsequent cession to Brazil, has already been related. The inhabitants of the maritime towns have, on the other hand, adopted European customs, and present a striking contrast, both in manners and appearance, to the rude and uncivilised dwellers on the plains. Consisting principally of landed proprietors and tradesmen, they possess ample means of instruction, and are often intelligent as well as affable."

"The influence of the press is thus painted:—
"Notwithstanding the comparative silence of the press during the period elapsing between the dissolution of the Constituent, and the convocation of the Legislative Chamber, no sooner had this latter assembly commenced its deliberations, than the patriots were again at work, and a number of political journals, advocating the opinions and interests of the opposition, made their appearance. Many of these were alike exaggerated in their tone, and illogical in their conclusions, yet the spirit in which they were written was calculated to

please the popular taste, and their influence throughout the entire empire was prodigious. In Europe, where the means of acquiring knowledge are so many and so various, the influence of the periodical press is every where felt and acknowledged: in Brazil, where no standard literature has hitherto had existence, and where the political journals form almost the only vehicles of information, the influence is even more powerful. The poverty of Portuguese literature is well known throughout Europe. During the last three centuries scarcely a single Lusitanian writer of genius has laid his lucubrations before the public. Yet the language, an idiom derived principally from the Latin, Teutonic, and Arabic tongues, is in itself rich, harmonious, and flowing; and at the commencement of the sixteenth century, when the thirst of enterprise led alike to the discovery of Brazil and partial subjugation of India by the Portuguese, the poets and the historians of the time caught the spirit of the age in which they lived, and a new literature arose coeval with the discovery of a new world. But the establishment of the Inquisition during the following reign, the excessive emigration to Asia, Africa, and America, and the annihilation of the greater part of the Portuguese nobility, who were at this period almost the only instructed class, in foreign war and fanatical expeditions, contributed to bring this intellectual pre-eminence to a premature close. The energies of a brave and enterprising people were suddenly contracted; and in the words of a Portuguese chronicler, 'a state that a few years before had been an object of universal admiration and envy, was ere long held out as a warning and an object of compassion to all Europe.' Anomalous as the assertion may appear, the decay of the Portuguese nation may be in a great measure traced to her uninterrupted success, alike in Africa, Asia, and America. The first conquests were on the coast of Africa, and it became customary for all the opulent and noble families to despatch either a younger son or a retainer on these expeditions. Hence the proverb, 'meter huma lança em Africa,' (to plant a lance in Africa), applied formerly as distinctive of the families who had thus contributed to the service of the state, and subsequently through common use, as characteristic of the nobility of the family alluded to. Even in the present day, to say that the ancestors of any individual 'planted a lance in Africa,' is equivalent to an attestation of the nobility of his origin. *

"During the rejoicings in the city of San Paulo, on account of the late revolution in France, a large concourse of people, headed by the students of the lately instituted university, had walked the streets in procession. This proceeding proved highly displeasing to the ovidor, who, under pretext of its being a tumultuous assemblage, called a number of the young men engaged in it before the tribunals. The cause of the individuals arrested was in the meantime advocated in the 'Observador Constitucional,' a periodical edited by one Badaró, an Italian exile. Badaró was a physician, who, having been compelled to quit his native country, from political motives, had sought refuge in Brazil, where he dedicated his leisure hours in part to the study of natural history, and in part to the management of the before-mentioned journal. Some little scientific knowledge and enthusiastic ardour for political freedom animated this publication, which was possessed of much real merit, notwithstanding such defects of language as might easily be pardoned in a foreigner. On the night of the

20th of November, four Germans awaited him at the door of his dwelling, and, on his return home, approached him and told him, that they had a correspondence against the ovidor, which they hoped he would insert in his paper. He replied, that it might be done; but requested them to return on the following day, whereon one of them discharged a pistol into the bowels of the unfortunate man. On receiving the wound, he cried out, that it was the ovidor himself who had caused his assassination; and the moment after fell down insensible. Some students, in the meantime, came to his assistance, and subsequently procured a surgeon. On the following morning, an immense crowd of people, including all the medical men in the city, came to visit him, when it was discovered that the wound was mortal. The dying man received the intelligence with calmness, and requested his friends partaking the same political opinions with himself, to abstain from all thoughts of revenge. His last words, 'Morre hum liberal, mas não morre a liberdade,'—('A liberal dies, but liberty dies not,') were inscribed on his coffin. The ovidor accused was subsequently arrested, and sent for trial to Rio de Janeiro, where, however, from a want of evidence, he was absolved by the sentence of a court of justice, composed of his fellow magistrates. No allegation can, in consequence, be brought against him; yet it was not, by any means, an easy task to persuade the ultra-patriots of his innocence. Indeed, the spirit of corporation, and the undisguised corruption of the bulk of the magistracy, were so notorious, that the prejudice existing against them can excite but little surprise. Fortified with the independence guaranteed by the constitution to the judicial power, and bound together by a species of mute, but formidable, masonry, the members of this body were alike insensible to censure or to sarcasm. The government, instead of giving a preference in its choice to such as were distinguished by their honourable character and attainments, had, in too many instances, looked only to the political opinion of each. The best courtiers, and, consequently, the worst magistrates, were appointed to the most lucrative offices; and all attacking the corporation were pointed out as anarchists and demagogues. There were some honourable exceptions to this censure, principally among the young men; yet it was only too obvious, that while the adoption of the constitutional system had in every other department of the administration been attended with benefit, here it had, on the contrary, been productive rather of prejudice. The sympathy of all the patriot journalists was forcibly excited by the death of Badaró. Their spirit of corporation was also alarmed; and the result was a counteraction manifesting itself in corresponding violence of language. Henceforward the Exaltado, or ultra-patriot party, knew no bounds. Another journal, the 'Luz Brasileira,' began, like the 'Republico,' to preach the doctrine of federation, as the only system at all appropriate to the actual circumstances of Brazil, and to assert, that the existing fundamental code had served only as a cloak to traitors and absolutists. The editor of the 'Republico,' a young man of the name of Borges de Fonseca, was, at length, summoned before the jury, for having held this unconstitutional language, but was acquitted by an unanimity of voices; and both his own style, and that of his colleagues, was, ere long, more virulent than ever. Unable to content themselves by attacking what was said in the constitution, relative to the

unity of the empire, there were various other articles, which, according to their theories, ought to be immediately amended. One was the suspensory veto of the emperor, the abolition of which they required; another, the right of property, to which they requested certain restrictions, somewhat at variance with the economical ideas at present admitted; and, finally, one journal, denominated 'O Tribuna,' declared it indispensable to do away with hereditary monarchy altogether, and to substitute an elective government. It need hardly be remarked, that the moderate party, at the head of which was the 'Aurora,' were far from partaking these exaggerated sentiments. While acknowledging many of the advantages of federation in the abstract, they were yet aware that it could be effected only by a revolution; and they were apprehensive lest this revolution might terminate in an entire social disorganisation. The heterogeneous nature of castes, imperfectly amalgamated, the vague enthusiasm for ideas, ill understood, and the rivalry of the respective provinces, were all as many causes of alarm; and they were, moreover, aware, that the present clamours for federative government, far from having had their origin in the provinces most likely to be benefited by the system, had been excited only by a number of officious theorists, resident in the centre and capital of the empire. 'The provinces,' observed Evaristo, in his journal, 'ought to know their interests better than these residents in the metropolis, who really render us distrustful of the soundness of their reason when they propose a change of this importance in the midst of abuse, insults, and threats. Every one differing from them in opinion, though he may have given frequent proofs of his attachment to his country, is an imbecile, a traitor, an egotist; in a word, a Unitarian,—a mysterious epithet found out two months ago, and applied to all disposed to maintain the existing order of things. 'It is not criminal to propose alterations in the constitution.' 'Human institutions are not eternal. In proportion as the ideas, habits, and interests of a people change, their laws, and their social and political organisation, ought also to be modified; and our constitution has pointed out the means for obtaining this result in fit time. . . . Neither the best desires nor the warmest patriotism are, however, sufficient to qualify us for this task. Experience, a profound knowledge of our social state, and of the necessities of the population, are indispensable; and the times of enthusiasm and reciprocal suspicion are the least fit for political changes. Where oppressive laws bind down a community, and the dissemination of knowledge is prohibited, all efforts may be rational, and every imprudence permitted; but where there is a representation of the nation, an especial representation of the provinces, a free press, and a guarantee for the citizen, why hurry on that which must come tranquilly and without violence, in case it be really required? Why seek to operate a change (which, after all, may be frustrated by acceleration) among perils and amid the frenzy of parties, when time and the extension of political wisdom must alone suffice to produce the same results?' The moderate party were, in fact, more anxious to render the constitution a reality, than to go on in the pursuit of other systems; yet the manner in which elements were, at the present moment, disposed for a revolution, threatened to render much longer continuance of neutrality impossible. . . .

"At an early period in the year 1830, two

naval officers in the French service were, while on a sporting expedition in the neighbourhood of Rio, found trespassing on the estate of an individual of the name of França, who not only deprived them of their fowling-pieces, but subjected them to other ignominious treatment at the hands of his negroes. The consequence was, that nearly all the comrades of the officers insulted made common cause with them, and on the following morning they landed in considerable force, near the spot where the outrage had occurred, seized França himself, conveyed him to one of their boats, and, after tying him down, there subjected him to a severe castigation. This circumstance, which might, at a period of perfect tranquillity, have met with but little attention, was, like the mal-treatment of Pamplona on a former occasion, magnified into an insult to the people; the government were stigmatised as having, by their anti-national policy, encouraged foreigners thus to insult and maltreat the Brazilians; and to such an extent was the prejudice carried, that no Frenchman could walk the streets in an evening with safety. For months all the French coffee-houses were deserted,—the business usually carried on in the shops belonging to individuals of the same nation, was suspended; and even the *danceuses* at the imperial opera house were, on repeated occasions, absolutely hissed off the stage. The native Portuguese, in whose hands the chief part of the retail trade in Rio is concentrated, favoured, rather than otherwise, this prejudice against the French, as they found it advantageous to their own private interests; nor was it until accounts afterwards arrived of the revolution whereby the Bourbons were overthrown, that commerce returned into its natural channels. The Exaltado patriots, in the mean time, began to turn their hostilities from the administration to the monarch. In their journals, and more especially in 'The Republic,' calumnies and sarcasms were alike employed against him, and were swallowed in the provinces with all the blind credulity characteristic of a simple and half-instructed people. In such discredit had not only the administration, but also the head of the executive power, fallen, that the honorary insignia concealed by the emperor were, even by the moderate party, regarded rather as a matter of reproach, than as an enviable distinction. By the Corundas, these phenomena were attributed chiefly to the seditious efforts of the journals of the opposition, but with little apparent plausibility. The journals of the opposition were at this period well received, because they went in accord with the almost unanimous sentiments of the people, yet, with one or two exceptions, they restricted their censures to the administration, and never even named the monarch. If the plain truth must be spoken, neither the progress of intelligence, nor the seditious efforts of the journalists, nor the extravagance of the administration, nor the irregularities of the private life of Don Pedro, were the main cause of his own personal unpopularity throughout the entire empire. For this there was another cause, apart, also, from the mal-administration of the cabinet; a cause never openly alluded to, yet universally felt; and this was in his never having known how to become the man of his people,—in his never having constituted himself entirely and truly a Brazilian. He was often heard to express his conviction, that the only true strength of a government lay in public opinion; yet, unfortunately, he never knew how to conciliate the public opinion of the people over whom it was his destiny to reign. At the period of the independence, he had, when excited by enthu-

siasm, given utterance to sentiments calculated to flatter the nascent spirit of nationality, and his sincerity had been credited; yet his subsequent employment of a foreign force, the terms on which he effected the treaty of August, 1825, his continued interference in the affairs of Portugal, his institution of a secret cabinet, and his appointment of naturalised Portuguese to the highest offices of the state, to the supposed exclusion of the natives of the soil, had, among a jealous people, given rise to a universal impression that the monarch himself was still a Portuguese at heart. The native Brazilians believed that they were beheld with suspicion, and that the government looked principally for support to a party which they regarded as a foreign one. This struck directly at self-love, a very fastidious judge, and no nation ever pardoned such offences. This was what originally lost the government of Don Pedro, what first caused its policy to be regarded as anti-national, and what took from it all moral force, reducing it to the state of a passive spectator of all the insults daily directed against it by its opponents."

We must now refer for the rest to Mr. Armitage's work, which, though we differ from him on some points, we consider a valuable addition to our historical library.

The Mascarenhas; a Legend of the Portuguese in India. By the Author of "The Predictions," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Smith and Elder.

THE present fiction is founded on some of the romantic traditions associated with the settlement of the Portuguese in India. There is more of the picturesque connected with Goa than any other of the European establishments: its birth belongs to the last hour of chivalry, and its history has as much of warfare as of commerce. The sword and the cross occupy as much space as the ledger. The outline of Mrs. Stewart's story is good, the period which it occupies is animated, and the personages which it brings on the scene are such as to excite the imagination of the reader. The chief fault is want of compression; while the principal characters are scarcely kept sufficiently before the reader to fix attention. Many of the scenes are, however, very sweetly written: witness the tender and feminine feeling in the following passage, which describes a wife during the enforced and perilous absence of her husband.

"Many a mirthful quarrel and pleasant conference were thought on by the saddened wife, as she looked around the chamber, so changed in aspect from what it was the yesterday! The cusa mats, the chowry brush, the trellised altar, mutely testified to Cuttub's handycraft; the walls and floors chunamed to marble, and adorned with flowers of no mean tracery, the window frames, fitted with transparent paper, and grotesquely sculptured, displayed his industry and imitative genius; brackets, neatly carved, supported jars of fragrant essence which Cuttub only could distil; and little images of great Antonio, the patron saint of Lisbon and of Korrily, scooped from the teak by Cuttub's chisel, hallowed the niches they adorned. Each plant which breathed its perfume from the court to her verandah had been selected from its similitude to such as once embellished her mistress's parterre in Portugal. 'Twas Cuttub, too, that taught the fountain to throw its slender jets upon the trim flower-beds she valued most. Her European comforts, her culinary wares, her lanterns of talc and horn, the simple ornament and the apt utensil, were all the fruits of Cuttub's ingenuity. The poor

wife's blissful visions, by indulging which she would have cheated this dreaded survey of the heart-ach, fled upon the instant; sorrow and apprehension supplanted hope and confidence; she felt, in all its force, the dreariness of solitude, when surrounded by mementos of that loved companionship which might never more return; she tried to lure again her previous sprightly fancies, to be persuaded of her husband's safety: she tried to laugh, to chaunt the merry carol which he the day before had joined: tears mocked the joyful strain, a sob cut short her roundelay, and Korriily sat down and wept."

We must also introduce Aurungzebe.

"This retreat, sacred to the privacy of Aurungzebe, communicated by a vaulted passage with the harem: its exterior shewed merely a simple octagonal pavilion of white marble, covered by a cupola, surrounded by a colonnade, and ornamented with pinnacles in the angles; the interior exhibited a coved apartment, panelled with mirrors of crystal, floored with mosaics of cornelian and oriental sapphire, and crowned with a dome, painted to imitate the firmament, when revealing the splendours of a beautiful night. An ivory lattice, the trellises of which seemed drawn out like the ductile wire, hemmed in the bath recess; jets of rose-water fell from perforated columns into jasper cisterns, and sent their perfumed rills through the tessellated channels, which circled the estrade; and, in the centre, a fountain, playing from an opal basin, flung the fragrant diamonds of its arches high as the star-enamelled cupola. Costly vases, filled with ambergris and sandal, emitted aromatic flame; and evening caught a mellowed brilliancy from lustres of black crystal, whose light, reflected from gem-wreathed pillars, gave to the ever-shooting arches of the fountain an appearance of glittering rainbows. Cushions of brocade, fringed with seed-pearl, and swelled with the down of the Caspian swan, were scattered with that careless profusion which Eastern indolence covets: and draperies, festooning sofas, in every angular compartment, were ready, at a touch, to fling their shade around the voluptuous sleeper: yet a certain degree of religious solemnity was combined with this luxurious refinement; for, on a frieze of black marble, a tracery of precious stones, recording a sentence from the Koran, consecrated this retreat. 'To the common father of mankind,' to the contemplation of the intelligent, just, and beneficent God. The dress of a person reclining on a couch of this pavilion, though delicate in texture, did not harmonise with the surrounding pomp: an ungirded wrapping-gown, of white muslin, the cap without the nook of the turban, slippers into which the feet were carelessly thrust, gave no indication that the wearer was master of a treasury replenished by unceasing influx, and monarch of a soil pregnant with wealth: a chaplet of pearl, and an open volume inscribed with characters in gold on a ground of dark green, the text enclosed within a border of arabesques, lay before him; he seemed to pore intently on the volume, half-raised, and resting on his elbow. Two fan-bearers, in robes as gorgeous as the outspread ensigns of their office, knelt beside the couch, wafting a cooling freshness, or chasing away the insects whose buzz was mingled with the drowsy rilling of the waters, forming that murmuring cadence congenial to solitude and night. The slaves scarcely dared to unite their hoarse breathings with the sleep-giving harmony, or turn their heads from that position into which the very fever of watchfulness had fixed them: time might

have travelled slowly to these servitors, and tardy minutes have been anxiously marked by the monotonous waving of their fans; but the reader seemed to drink insatiate from the inspired volume, as if he quaffed the grape-juice and sherbet promised, in the paradise of Mahommed, to those self-deniers who should pass the hair-spun bridge of trial:—nay, such deep pondering did the text he gazed upon require, that the page which it emblazoned remained unturned!"

There is a spirited sketch of Sevagi, who may be called Bruce of Hindostan; and obvious industry has been bestowed on collecting the material for some vivid and graceful description.

A Summer in Spain; being the Narrative of a Tour made in 1836. 12mo. pp. 177. London, 1836. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We have toured it so frequently in Spain of late years that we shall not occupy much space with this volume. We may observe that Spain is at this period, perhaps, the most painfully interesting country in Europe; and fixes so much attention, that the latest accounts from it, faithfully given by an eye-witness, must be acceptable. Such is the case with this volume; from which we select the following illustration, premising that the writer is a rather sturdy and hard-mouthed anti-Carlist.

"During my stay of a month in Valencia, there were no less than five holidays (*días de festa*), during which, all business stood still. The first of these was in honour of Saint Martin, the patron of the city, and the procession was, certainly, the most absurd exhibition I ever witnessed. Not only was the figure of the saint paraded about, but a man representing his saintship in person, in the cavalier dress, with jingling spurs, and a magnificent plume of feathers, and bearded to the eyes, marched solemnly along in the centre of the procession. He wore a velvet cloak of extraordinary dimensions, which he extended in his left hand, as if offering it to any one who would accept it; and in his right he carried a drawn sword, raised, and seemingly ready to strike. Whether he was meant as an emblem of the charity of the Roman church, to wit, that she would slay all who refused her protection I know not; but I found great difficulty in preserving my gravity when this magnificent champion passed. Wax must be cheap in Valencia, if we may judge by the enormous size of the candles carried in these processions. They are at least ten feet high, and thick in proportion. About a dozen of these are carried in the front of every procession, and each of them seems a sufficient burden for one man. Each candle rests in a socket attached to the knee of its carrier, and it is besides fastened by a belt round his waist, so that he has quite the appearance of being lashed to the candle, instead of its being tied to him. One of these holidays was in honour of St. John; and in the procession the principal events in the life of the saint were represented. In the first part of the procession there came a child apparently five or six years old, dressed in white, leading a lamb, and carrying a small cross; afterwards appeared a man dressed in the skins of wild beasts, to represent the saint in the wilderness; and lastly, came a person with a hideous mask, carrying a head and a drawn sword, meant, I suppose, for the executioner. On another of these *días de festa*, I observed a crowd collected round a tower about twenty feet high, which stood nearly opposite

to my lodgings. I had often wondered what this strange-looking building contained, and as I observed from my window that the door was on that day thrown open and lamps burning before it, I sallied out to gratify my curiosity. I found, to my astonishment, that the mysterious building was occupied by a colossal figure about fourteen feet high. It was attired in a green coat, red breeches, and yellow boots, and the hat was adorned with a splendid white plume. The countenance, in Ireland, would be termed open; as the mouth was about half a foot wide, and the ludicrous expression thereof I cannot describe. This figure was meant for St. Joseph. I observed, however, that these processions were not received with the same blind reverence as in Italy. Even when the host was carried past, many of the men did not kneel, and several kept on their hats. There is, indeed, as may be expected from the absurdity of these ceremonies, no medium in Spain, as far as my observation goes, betwixt the grossest superstition and open infidelity. Every one who has any acquaintance with the peasantry of Italy and Spain, must have observed that the objects of their adoration are the actual pictures, statues, and relics—not the saints whom it is said these represent: they are, therefore, idolaters in the true sense of the word; for if we apply that term to the ancients for worshipping those perfect productions of art which even now cannot be looked on without a feeling approaching to veneration, we may, certainly, apply it to those who worship, with much greater prostration of mind, a relic or a block of painted wood. The intention of these frequent holidays is to keep alive in the minds of the lower orders—for they are laughed at by all intelligent men—their blind reverence for saints and relics; and for this purpose the church employs all its pride and pomp. Their tendency is to perpetuate ignorance and idleness, by instilling into the minds of the people a love of vain, unmeaning shows; and, politically speaking, they act as a serious tax upon the industry of the country, as all business is suspended on these days, except the ringing of bells. It may be guessed from all this, that the Valencians are not the most industrious people in the world. As to this, I can speak from experience. A few days after my arrival in the town, I ordered a pair of shoes from a man, who promised faithfully to have them finished in two days: a week passed away, and they never made their appearance. After attempting in vain to find my way back to the shop through the labyrinth of narrow streets, I went to another artificer: this man was leaning over the door of his shop, without coat or waistcoat, the perfect picture of idleness; I saluted him (for the Spaniards can do nothing without talking), and told him my errand; he shook his head gravely, and said he could not make anything for me at present, as he was very busy. The serious air with which he said, *mucho trabajo* (a great deal of work) was perfectly ludicrous, as he was the only person in the shop. I went to a third shoemaker, who politely promised to furnish me, but never thought proper to make the article contracted for. My patience was now exhausted, and I returned to his shop, to have at least the satisfaction of 'blowing up' him, and his whole fraternity; but I was frustrated in my laudable purpose, as I found no one in the shop except his wife, who, like other Spanish wives, knew nothing of the movements of her husband. My landlady, however, promised to send a person who would supply my wants; but he

never made his appearance. Thus, in the capital of the ancient kingdom of Valencia, with a population of 63,000 odd, I could, neither for love nor money, get a pair of shoes. I did succeed in getting a pair at Madrid, from a Frenchman. I was more fortunate with my tailor, who, by an extraordinary exertion of industry, made me some articles in the course of a fortnight. When I paid his bill, I ventured to ask him why he had kept me waiting so long (for he made, and kept his promises, like Talleyrand), he replied that he was tremendously busy (there were three men, besides himself, working in the shop), and that there were some officers in the town, whose uniforms he had been busy with for two months; a civil sort of way of telling me that I ought to be thankful for what I had got. I, accordingly, remembered honest Sancho and the gift-horse, and was silent. Now, I was recommended to this man by the consul, as being the first at his trade—the Stultz of Valencia. The excessive heat of summer is, certainly, some excuse for idleness: morning is the only time when any work is done; from noon till sun-set no one stirs out—for, whenever I ventured out at that time, I found myself alone in the streets. This time is spent by the men in lounging about the house, smoking, or sleeping; by the women, in preparing their finery for the evening, and in singing constitutional songs. The moment the sun goes down, the scene changes: the whole population resorts to the public drive—at least, all the men, and every woman who can sport a mantilla and a fan; and few, indeed, there are who cannot. The drive extends from the town to the sea, a distance of two miles; it is well paved and shaded on either side with fine poplars: it is the ambition of the Valencian *belles* to appear there every evening in a machine 'cycloped a *tartana*, which is neither more nor less than a green covered cart without springs, and drawn by a solitary horse. The fact is, there are no carriages in Valencia, if we except one or two which, from their primitive construction, must have carried the ancestors of their present owners two centuries ago; these are shaped like funeral coaches, painted red, and drawn by mules. The pace of all these vehicles is a solemn walk (indeed, the *tartana* could not be pushed beyond it without endangering the limbs of its inmates); and, as they describe a regular circle, each taking its place as it arrives on the ground (for no passing or repassing is allowed), they formed the strangest procession I ever witnessed. Then, let the reader imagine, besides, numbers of galloping cavaliers—groups of half-naked peasants—and whole swarms of monks, of every order and colour, from the miserable-looking Capuchin, unshod and uncovered, to the comfortably clad Carmelite, in his snow-white flannel robe, whose jolly visage and 'fair round belly' tell no tales of vigils, or of fasting,—and he will be able to form some idea of the motley appearance of the Valencian drive. About eight o'clock, when it begins to get dark, *le beau monde* adjourn to the Glorieta, a public garden in the town, not very large, but laid out with taste, and always kept in good order. The nights are beautiful beyond description. During the day, the sky is of a dazzling brightness, and the heat very oppressive; but immediately after sun-set, a cool breeze blows off the sea, which renders the air quite refreshing; and the sky, after exhibiting every variety of colour, assumes a deep blue, of a much richer and softer tint than during the day. When there is no moonlight, the gardens are lighted with lamps, and they are generally crowded from eight till ten,

though many linger on till eleven. But the Glorieta ought to be seen by moonlight: then the gay dresses and varied countenances of the company, the soft light, so grateful after the glaring heat of the day, and the delicious coolness of the night air, form altogether a scene delightfully impressive. After the walk in the Glorieta, the natives return to their abodes, and sup. The theatre, which is very large, and said to be the handsomest in Spain, is quite deserted. There seems to be an unaccountable difference in taste, in this respect, betwixt the Valencians and their neighbours of Barcelona, who are extremely fond of theatrical amusements. The Valencian theatre was wretchedly attended; and the pieces performed, translated (without exception) from the French, who, indeed, at present supply the European stage. The company of equestrians which we passed on the road from Barcelona, appeared to be very successful; they performed thrice a-week, in a temporary wooden amphitheatre, outside the walls; and such was the anxiety of the people to see them, especially on Sundays, that it was necessary to take tickets a day or two beforehand, in order to secure a seat. The Spaniards have a decided taste for out-door amusements; indeed, one of their own countrymen has remarked, that they care for nothing but *Pan y Toros*: it is probable that they have derived this taste from their Roman masters. As to Spanish society, I believe there is none—at least, in our acceptation of the term. Families visit each other without invitation or ceremony, but no entertainment is given except in conversation or music; and, as may be expected from this, the manners are much more easy and familiar than in colder climates. In spite of all that has been said and believed about Spanish pride, I have observed an almost entire equality amongst them. A Spaniard is proud, not of birth or wealth, but of the ancient glory of his country, and, above all, of being a Spaniard. This feeling is shared equally by the peer and the peasant; but I have never seen it shewn, unless when their honour, or their national prejudices, were touched. I have always, on the contrary, found their behaviour frank and unreserved. I may mention, as a proof of the hospitable manners of the better orders, that a nobleman of wealth and influence in the south, whom I met accidentally at the hotel in Valencia, not only paid me the greatest attention there, but offered me the liberty of shooting over his estates. He was a liberal; had travelled more than the generality of his countrymen, and spoke English very well. When I left Valencia, he met me at the diligence, and saw me off; and when I thanked him cordially for his numerous attentions, he replied, with a smile, 'That I must not mention the subject, as he had received the greatest hospitality in my country, which he never would have an opportunity of repaying; and that, besides, he held it to be the duty of every people to be attentive to strangers.' His last words to me were, to write to him if I ever found myself in any difficulties: and this was said in a tone so different from the usual humbug of continental politeness, that I was convinced of its reality. Such men are rarely to be met with in travelling.

"The Valencian students spend a great portion of their time in gambling; a vice which, I believe, prevails to a greater extent in Spain than either in France or Germany; for it extends even to the peasantry. There is only one public gambling-table in Valencia, and that was surrounded, every forenoon, with students, pea-

sants, soldiers, and caballeros, who formed a very singular-looking assemblage. Such a scene is generally one of painful excitement, even for a mere spectator; for the breathless silence of the room, and the excited and changeable countenances of the players, whose every faculty appears absorbed in watching the movements of the cards or dice, cannot be regarded with indifference. But very little of this is observable at a Spanish gaming-table, for the don is certainly the coolest gambler in the world; indeed, it is impossible to tell, from his countenance, whether he be gaining or losing. Wrapped up in his cloak, he stands quietly puffing his cigar, and appears to look on the game with perfect indifference; not the slightest movement betrays his good or bad fortune; in short, he

Has so much breeding of a gentleman,
You never can discern his real thought.

Whether this arises from pride, or practice, or from his stoical indifference to money, it would be difficult to say. It struck me, however, as being one of the most singular traits in the Spanish character."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Snow Drop; or, Fraternal Offering, by the authors of "The Companion to the Lord's Supper," "Histories from Scripture," &c. (London, Dean and Mundy).—We can strongly recommend this little volume to our readers. It promises to be an annual offering, and appears calculated to afford amusement, and, at the same time, to instil into the minds of the young those pure religious precepts which alone can render them really happy. Its pages comprise original tales, and select passages from some of our best poets. The idea is pretty, and well executed, the stories being told with a *novelty* that is sure to please. The name, too, *The Snow Drop*, how sweet it sounds! That small simple flower which shines forth in graceful beauty when all around is cold and dark,—the welcome harbinger of Nature's revival.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 11. Mr. Lyell, president, in the chair.—A paper, by Mr. Murchison, was read on the Dudley and Wolverhampton Coal-field, and on the formations connected with it; followed by a description of the Lickey Quartz Rock.

This is one of a series of papers, in which the author has described the structure of the border-counties of England and Wales, and the southern part of the principality.

The great coal-field of Dudley and Wolverhampton, the most productive in the central part of England, is geologically distinguished by the total absence of the mountain limestone, and the old red sandstone, which form the fundamental rocks of so many of the coal-tracts of Great Britain. In a previous memoir the author shewed, that the visible portion of this field is surrounded by the lower divisions of the new red sandstone series, which probably overlap, and conceal, to the eastward of the exposed strata, numerous rich beds of coal.

The formations which constitute the substrata of the district, are known only by their irregular protrusion through the coal-measures near Sedgely and Dudley, and through the new red sandstone at Wallsall, or by having been reached in some of the deepest pits. These rocks belong to the system to which Mr. Murchison has given the name of Silurian, and compose the greater part of the border-counties, with Caermarthenshire and Pembrokehire.

The structure of the coal-field is first described, and shewn to consist of two series of strata; the upper, characterised by the presence of the "ten-yard," or Dudley coal; the lower, by numerous layers of argillaceous carbonate of iron, and called, by the colliers, "the iron-stone measures," and from which is

obtained the celebrated Stourbridge fire-clay. The former occurs in the centre of the coal-field around Dudley, Bilston, Wednesbury, Netherton, &c.; and the latter, at its southern and northern extremities, including the country immediately to the east of Wolverhampton.

The fossils hitherto discovered, in the principal workings, are land plants and fresh-water shells; but in the lower, or iron-stone measures, have been found the remains of fishes—*Megaliethys Hibbertii*, *M. sauroides*, *Diptodus gibbus*, &c.: thus establishing an identity with the fossils of Burdie House, near Edinburgh. In the coal-field of North Staffordshire the same fishes have also been obtained, by Sir Philip Egerton; and in that of Colebrook Dale, by Mr. Prestwich: but in the Dudley field no alternations of marine with fresh-water testacea have been observed, and, therefore, Mr. Murchison infers, that the coal-measures of the district under review were accumulated exclusively in fresh water.

The strata belonging to the Silurian system present dome-shaped, or irregular masses; and, from the position which they occupy, it would have been impossible to determine their relative antiquity, had not the author previously studied similar deposits in districts where the order of superposition is well displayed; and if the organic remains had not afforded abundant facilities for comparison and identification.

The strata belong to the two upper divisions of the Silurian system,—the Ludlow rocks and the Wenlock limestone. The former, consisting of limestone, overlaid by thin-bedded sandstones, are displayed at three points, Sedgeley, Turner's Hill, and the Hayes; and the Wenlock limestone occurs near Dudley, forming the Wren's Nest, the Castle Hill, and the Hurst Hill; and, on the eastern side of the coal-field, it constitutes the district on which stands the town of Wallsall. It has been also found beneath the coal-measures. This deposit has been hitherto called the Dudley limestone, and has been long distinguished by the number and beauty of its organic remains; but the author has changed the name to Wenlock limestone, as, from the position which it occupies near Dudley, its place in the geological series cannot be determined without reference to other districts, while in the neighbourhood of Wenlock its true position is fully displayed.

The quartz rock of the Lower Lickey hills is next described, and proved to be the oldest formation of the district belonging to that division of the Silurian system to which the author has applied the name of Caradoc sandstone. The hills form a narrow ridge, about three miles long, but not exceeding five hundred feet in height. The quartz rock of which they are composed the author conceives to be an altered sandstone, which has been acted upon by trap, having observed that the equivalent sandstone in the Wre'kin, Caer Caradoc, &c., assumes the same hard quartzose character whenever it is in the vicinity of trap rocks.

A minute description is afterwards given of the trap rocks, both with respect to their mineral composition and the effects which they have produced on the physical features of the district. To their agency the author ascribes the protrusion of the Silurian rocks, the great lines of fissure which traverse the country, the faults which affect the coal-measures, and the elevation of the coal-field itself, through the covering of new red sandstone, which once extended over the area now occupied by it; and, in conclusion, he adverts to the arguments which he had advanced on former occasions respecting the probable existence of great de-

posits of coal beneath the new red sandstone, in parts which have not been exposed by volcanic agency, or hitherto examined: and he expresses great satisfaction in Mr. Prestwich having advocated similar opinions, in the paper lately read before the Society on the coal-field of Colebrook Dale.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 11. Earl Stanhope, president, in the chair.—The meeting of this Society was held in the theatre of the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, in which the managers had given permission to the Society to assemble for the purpose of affording an opportunity to the friends of science of hearing the annual address of the noble president. The address pointed out the strong claims which this Society had to public support; the object of it being to substitute vegetable for mineral medicines. It drew the attention of the medical profession to the pernicious and often fatal results of the injudicious administration of mercurial medicines. It pointed out especially the adulterations to which some of our more valuable drugs were subjected—adulterations, of the extent of which even medical men themselves were hardly aware. The importance of investigating the medico-botanical productions of our own, as well as of foreign countries, was pressed on the attention of medical practitioners; allusion being made to the valuable discovery, by Dr. Rousseau of Paris, of the febrifuge qualities of the *Ilex aquifolium*, or common holly. Sir Henry Hallford moved the thanks of the meeting to his lordship for his very excellent and valuable address, which, being seconded by Dr. Sigmond, was carried by acclamation. The theatre was well filled, not only with members of the Society, but with visitors; among whom were some of the most eminent medical professors of the metropolis. In the gallery were several ladies, who seemed by no means uninterested in the business of the meeting. In the ante-room were some exceedingly fine specimens of drugs, while several very beautiful and rare plants were ranged along the passage round the theatre. Among the latter, the fan-palm and the sago-palm were much admired.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, May 13th.—The following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, by Accumulation.—The Venerable E. Pope, Queen's College, Archdeacon of Jamaica, Grand Compounder.

Doctors in Medicine.—R. B. Todd, Pembroke College; W. Duke, Magdalen Hall.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. S. W. Yates, Grand Compounder, W. Jones, Balliol College; Rev. J. A. Smith, Queen's College; Rev. H. Carey, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. E. Brunner, Grand Compounder, R. H. Howard, N. F. B. Dickinson, Christ Church; W. C. Bentley, Scholar of Lincoln College; J. Arnould, E. Whitehead, Scholar; H. J. C. Smith, F. H. Deane, Wadham College; J. Bowles, Magdalen Hall; E. W. L. Davies, Scholar of Jesus College; H. H. Brown, Corpus Christi College; J. H. Butterworth, J. Tunnard, Exeter College; E. J. Chaplin, Denny of Magdalen College; M. Jefferys, Brasenose College; S. H. Russell, Fellow of St. John's College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 11th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Masters of Arts.—C. W. G. Howard, Trinity College, fourth son of the Earl of Carlisle; D. G. Osborne, Magdalen College, fourth son of Lord Godolphin.

Master of Arts.—H. Raikes, Corpus Christi College. *Bachelor in the Civil Law.*—Rev. N. J. Hole, Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. G. Johnson, J. G. Packer, J. Philips, Trinity College; J. Johnstone, H. B. Jones, St. John's College; H. Drury, R. A. H. Hirst, Caius College; J. Buller, G. Williams, King's College; B. Ayres, Queen's College; T. Minster, Catherine Hall; R. J. Morris, H. C. Knightley, Jesus College; G. L. Gower, Trinity Hall; T. Dawson, Downing College, Compounder.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MAY 7. The thirtieth anniversary meeting was held this day; Mr. C. W. Wynn, president, in the chair.—Among the company were, Sir G. Ouseley, Sir A. Johnston, Sir C. Forbes, Sir G. T. Staunton, Sir H. Willock, the Right Hon. H. Mackenzie, Dr. Wiseman, Colonel Strokes, W. Stanley Clarke, Esq., Major G. Willock, Maulavi Mohammed Ismael Khán, astronomer to the King of Oude, &c. The secretary read the annual report of the council, containing an outline of the Society's proceedings since the last anniversary. The council had been under the necessity of selling out a portion of the Society's stock in the three per cents; and the report stated, that the strictest attention to economy would be necessary to enable the Society's resources to meet the demands. The accession of new members had been greater than ordinary; but the casualties had exceeded the elections by one. Well-merited tributes were paid to the memories of Major Price, Colonel Tod, Colonel Broughton, and other members, of whom death had recently deprived the Society. Among other topics, the report alluded to the withdrawal by the Bengal government of the patronage and support it had previously extended to the publication of standard oriental works, under the auspices of the committee of public instruction in Calcutta; and stated, that a deputation had waited on the chairman and deputy chairman of the East India Company, and afterwards on the president of the board of control, to intercede for a reversal of this measure. From the reception the deputation had met with in both instances, and from the attention which had been paid to its representations, the council were of opinion that the best results might be anticipated by the friends of oriental literature. A deputation from the Society had also waited upon the chancellor of the exchequer to urge the claims of the Society for public accommodation; and the council had grounds for hoping that the claims would be acceded to whenever the rooms in Somerset House, or in any other public building, that could be made available for the purposes of the Society, became vacated. The report then adverted to the operations of the oriental translation fund; and specified the valuable works which that institution had published since the last anniversary. After referring to a proposition that would be submitted to the meeting relative to the formation of a separate section of the Society, to investigate matters connected with agriculture and commerce in relation to the East, the report concluded, by expressing the acknowledgments which were due from the Society to the hon. the court of directors of the East India Company, for its continued liberality towards the Society; and in calling upon the members for renewed exertions to promote the welfare and prosperity of the institution. The auditors' report was then read; and the thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to the auditors, whose report, together with that of the council, was received, and ordered to be printed in the Journal of the Society.

Sir A. Johnston, chairman to the committee of correspondence of the Society, in an able speech, gave to the meeting a full detail of the various subjects connected with the East, that had engaged the attention of the committee during the preceding year; and particularly referred to the suggestion which had been made to it relative to the formation of a committee of trade and agriculture. Thanks were unanimously returned to Sir Alexander for his report; which he was requested to reduce to

writing, in order that it might be published in the proceedings of the Society.

The secretary then read the minutes of a committee appointed to report to the council on the practicability and expediency of carrying into effect the recommendation of the committee of correspondence for the formation of a committee of trade and agriculture, in relation to the East, and which had been ordered by the council to be submitted to the consideration of the Society at its anniversary. This report fully concurred in the desirability of adopting the plan proposed; but as that would involve the necessity of an additional expenditure on the part of the Society, which the state of its funds would not permit of, the committee were compelled to recommend that, unless an appeal to the liberality of the members proved successful, the scheme should, at least, be postponed.

After the meeting, several gentlemen put down their names as annual subscribers to the proposed committee.

W. S. Clarke, Esq., rose to move a vote of thanks to the council for their valuable services during the past year. Allusion had been made in the report to the circumstance that the chairman for the time being of the hon. the directors of the East India Company, had been requested to accept the office of vice-patron of the Society. As he was the humble individual who had been the first to receive that honour, he could not allow the opportunity to pass without returning his thanks for the distinction. Carried unanimously.

The president rose, and said, that it was his duty to submit to the meeting such observations as occurred to him on the annual proceedings of the Society. He, in common with every member present, experienced a lively pleasure in witnessing the continual progress of the Society towards the accomplishment of the great objects for which it was instituted. In the increased attendance of members, it was impossible not to perceive an increased interest in the proceedings of the Society. Its sphere of usefulness was widely extended; and it might be expected to become still more so. He felt particular gratification in congratulating the meeting on the proposal which had been laid before the meeting for establishing a committee of agriculture and trade in relation to the East. That suggestion had come from individuals of such eminence, and who were so intimately acquainted with the capabilities of India, that it was doubtful whether the measure did not acquire as much importance from the movers as from its own intrinsic worth. The manner in which the natives of India were now considered in this country was another source of gratification. Truer ideas were now formed of their capacity, disposition, and acquirements; and he needed scarcely to remind the meeting that, to obtain such accurate ideas was the chief object of the Society. The plan just alluded to would be the means of introducing into India the useful discoveries of Europe in arts and sciences; but in the encouragement lately given by government to a more extended and unrestrained intercourse with the East, would be found the true efficient for those ends; because, after all, whatever the Society might do to forward the objects in question, the results would still be inferior to those arising from individual enterprise, directed to individual interest. He thought he did not assert too much, when he named this the commencement of a new era. As the proposal relative to trade and agriculture must, if carried into effect, produce increased means of acquiring information on the capacity of the different nations of the vast empire of India, he

hoped it would meet with encouragement, not only from the Society, but from those engaged in commercial pursuits with the East. In leaving this subject, which had called for congratulation, he must advert to another, which did not present an equally pleasing aspect. He meant the discontinuing of printing standard oriental works under the patronage of the Indian government. Most of the gentlemen present had, doubtless, seen the able remarks of the Sanscrit professor at Oxford, Mr. Wilson, on this subject; and he perfectly agreed with the professor. He agreed, also, in the views of the Bengal government for spreading the English language among the natives; but he felt convinced that that object could only be attained by promoting the cultivation of the native languages. Nothing was more likely to produce a feeling of repugnance to such a plan, than to withdraw the encouragement already given to the cultivation of the native literature. He was not sanguine as to the introduction of the English language into the East; but this attempt to force the natives to adopt it would, in his opinion, produce a complete reaction, and defeat the plan. When he considered how warmly the people of India were attached to their own learning and literature, it was not probable that, out of compliment to their rulers, they would, all at once, adopt another language. A striking example of the truth of his observations might be found in the case of his own country, Wales. Though Wales had been united to England in the closest and most faithful intercourse for 600 years, the native language was still retained, in union with that of England. Nothing would militate more against the free introduction of English into Wales, than a *fiat* to discourage Welch. Poland was another instance of what he alleged. Among the severities which had been practised towards Poland, nothing had generated more acrimony and ill-will than the order for the disuse of the Polish language; for, in being compelled to use the language of their conquerors, they were perpetually reminded of their degradation and slavery. He considered, therefore, that the attempt to suppress the native languages in India could not be deemed a wise one. The gentlemen who had been associated with him in the duty had waited on the president of the board of control, and the chairman and deputy chairman of the hon. the court of directors of the East India Company, to represent the sentiments of the Society on the subject; and, from the manner in which the representations of the deputation had, in both instances, been received, he hoped the efforts of the Society would be attended with a good effect. In conclusion, he congratulated the meeting on the full attendance; and trusted that every one would promote the interests of the Society by exerting himself among his friends to gain new members. It must be obvious, that the funds of the Society, although in a less unfavourable state than they were last year, were still inadequate for all the objects of the Society; and no question came before the council on which they were not cramped in their deliberations by the inability of the funds to meet any additional expense.

Sir G. Staunton, in rising to propose a vote of thanks to the right hon. the president of the Society, did not think it necessary to expatiate on his merits and services: they were well known to all. He could not, however, deny himself the gratification of pointing out two instances of them which had occurred that season. The first was when, at the head of the deputation, he waited on the chancellor of

the exchequer to lay before him the claims of the Society to some public building in which accommodation could be afforded for the museum and library of the Society; and, the other, when he waited, as had already been stated, on the president of the board of control, and the chairman and deputy-chairman of the East India Company, to state the evils which must arise in a moral point of view to the natives of India, if the intention of discontinuing all encouragement to the cultivation of the native languages was persisted in. He could not say what the result of that statement might be; but the able manner in which the president had brought it forward, evidently had great effect on the eminent persons addressed. He considered, therefore, that the president had acquired fresh claims to the Society's gratitude. As some of the members might think that, in consequence of the invitation that the council had held out to additional subscriptions, the Society was in a declining state, he wished to express his opinion that the Society was perfectly equal to carry into effect its objects, so far as the abstract questions of literature were concerned. The reason of a wish to augment the funds was not that their resources were diminished, but that their prospects and aims were enlarged. Should the application, which has been made to enable the Society to carry out the enlarged views, fail, still the Society would continue in action. It would still publish the valuable papers which it collected in its Transactions; and the committee of correspondence, under the care of its right honourable chairman, would not, he was sure, relax in its operations. He felt convinced that the Society contained within itself no seeds of decay; though it certainly might not occupy so high a station as if it possessed additional funds. Sir George concluded by proposing a vote of thanks to the President, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. W. S. Clarke requested permission to make an observation, as the deputation which had waited on the chairman of the court of directors had been spoken of. In reference to that subject, he could venture to state that the court of directors were extremely anxious for the intelligence and moral improvement of the natives of India; and would be well pleased to promote those objects in every way.

Thanks were severally voted to the director, vice-presidents, treasurer, secretary, and librarian of the Society. Eight new members were balloted into the council. All the officers were re-elected. The next meeting was announced for the 4th of June. In the evening a large party of the members and their friends dined together at the Thatched House Tavern.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—Mr. Limbure exhibited a portrait in oil of Chaucer, long remaining at Harbottle Castle, Norfolk, and supposed to be original.—Miss Carlyle exhibited an ancient silver ring found in Cumberland.—A part was read of an interesting historical memoir by Mr. Burgess, on the old bridge at Stratford-le-bow, lately removed for a new one, the drawings and lithographed views of which were first exhibited at the last meeting. Mr. Burgess stated from Stow, and other authorities, that this was the first stone bridge in England, having been built in the early part of the 11th century, about a mile from a ferry called Old Ford. Among some items of account relative to the tolls taken, was the receipt of eightpence for a dead Jew carried over the bridge. On account of

Whitsun week, the Society adjourned to the 2d of June.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.

Institute of British Architects, 8 P.M.—Royal Geographical 9 P.M.—Marylebone, 8½ P.M.

Mr. Haydon on the Greek Form, &c. &c.; and ensuing week.

Tuesday.

Linnean (Anniversary), 1 P.M.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.—Zoological 8½ P.M.—Belgrave, 8 P.M.—E. W. Brayley, Jun. on Meteors, Meteorites, &c.

Wednesday.

Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.—Geological, 8½ P.M.—Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M., and ensuing week.

Friday.

Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Third notice.]

No. 353. *Lord Chancellor Sir Thomas More, receiving the Benediction of his father, Judge More, in the Court of King's Bench.* S. A. Hart, A.—Time was that the blessing of a father was thought of inestimable value, and next to that of Heaven. But such pious ceremonies have long ceased; and the work under our notice will be considered by most as merely shewing the skill of the painter, employed on an important subject. There is, however, no void in the composition; the well-arranged groups are executed with care and attention; and the whole presents a *coup d'œil* attractive and interesting.

No. 316. *Going into School.* No. 334. *Coming out of School.* T. Webster.—All who know any thing of Mr. Webster's skill in the representation of schoolboy pranks and doings, will easily anticipate the striking contrast, which he has accomplished in these entertaining pictures, between the sluggish and sullen march of the one set of urchins, and the mad and riotous burst of the other. As works of art they are admirable; as exhibitions of nature they are true.

No. 322. *The Intruder.* J. J. Chalon, A.—There are Paul Prys in every country; this, from the character and costume, is evidently foreign. Few but can bear witness to the vexation and disgust which such beings create, or will deny that many offences visited by our penal code are less felt than unwarranted and unwelcome intrusion upon domestic tranquillity and enjoyment. The picture is painted with much spirit and piquancy.

No. 321. *Italian Girl at a Window.* J. Wood.—Graceful, tasteful, and ornamental.

No. 247. *A Natural Genius.* R. Farrier.—Laughably illustrated. A boy's clay model of a man has called forth the mirth and wonder of his companions and friends. Such rude attempts have in a few instances led to the development of talent; but in the greater number have filled the ranks of art with shallow pretenders; whose "attempt, and not the deed," has "confounded" them.

No. 260. *The House of Mourning.* T. Urwin, A.—"It is better to go into the house of mourning," say the Scriptures; and it appears that the writer of the quotation in the Catalogue thought so too. In some countries custom may sanction such an intrusion: not so in ours. Be that as it may, the incident has given rise to a picture full of pathos; and in all respects finely painted. The agonised

action and expression of the forlorn mother are strikingly depicted.

No. 224. *Pitmen at Play, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne; painted from Nature.* H. P. Parker.—We have no reason to doubt that the game of marbles requires as much skill, and produces as great excitement, as the game of billiards; and, for aught we know, it is as extensively mischievous. But, whatever uncertainty may exist as to the merits of the subject, there can be none as to the merits of the painting.

No. 227. *Marmion's encounter with the Phantom Knight.* J. H. Nixon.—No "boy's play" this. As spiritedly illustrated by the artist as it is narrated by the highly gifted writer.

(To be continued.)

RUBENS.

A MAGNIFICENT picture by Rubens, presented some years ago by Joseph Buonaparte to Dr. Stokse, as an acknowledgment for that gentleman's having repeatedly accompanied Joseph's family across the Atlantic, has just arrived in this country, and we were, the other day, favoured with a view of it. The subject is "Pythagoras." The philosopher is represented, attended by several of his disciples; to whom he is recommending (with the exception of the forbidden beans, on which he tramples), the enjoyment of a profusion of fine vegetables, occupying a large portion of the foreground. In another part, some young females are receiving in their laps fruit that satyrs are gallantly plucking for them. Nothing can exceed the firmness and beauty of the flesh; and, indeed, of the whole picture. It is in admirable preservation, and ought, unquestionably, to be obtained, if possible, for the National Gallery.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Collection of Pictures of W. Coesvelt, Esq., of London. Drawn from the Paintings, and Engraved in Outline by F. Joubert. London, Carpenter.

"THIS collection of pictures," says the prefatory notice to the volume, "painted (with few exceptions) by the great masters of the schools of Italy, is the result of more than thirty years' research, principally made in countries subjected to the revolutionary disasters which have overwhelmed the south of Europe." We have been favoured with a view of the collection; and, although we have seen many more numerous, we never before met with one so select and superb. It consists of ninety pictures from the pencils of Raphael, Titian, Parmegiano, Leonardo da Vinci, Sebastian del Piombo, Correggio, Tintoretto, Guido, Vandyke, Giorgione, Paul Veronese, Fra. Bartolomeo, Murillo, Guercino, Carlo Dolce, Domenichino, Julio Romano, Spagnoletto, Claude, Salvator Rosa, Gaspar Poussin, Nicholas Poussin, Andrea del Sarto, Annibal Caracci, Ludovico Caracci, Schiavoni, Luini, Venusti, Garofolo, Albano, Schidone, Giovanni Bellini, Mazzolino da Ferrara, and Orisonte; every one of which claims the charmed attention of the visitor. Undoubtedly, however, the most attractive and valuable piece in the collection is, "The Presentation of the Cross," by Raphael. There is so excellent a description of this *chef-d'œuvre*, by M. Passivant in his "Tour in England" (a work of which we intend shortly to give a notice), that we will quote a few passages from it.

"A circular picture, figures half the size of life. The Virgin is seated in a landscape, with the infant Jesus and St. John; her left hand, hanging down by her side, holds a book, which

she appears to have been just reading. The infant Jesus is clasping a cross, which St. John holds out towards him: at the same time the Saviour gazes upon his precursor with an expression of unspeakable love; while the Baptist, kneeling before him in an attitude of inward adoration, seems in his ecstasy to forget the flowers he had gathered for his divine companion. The eyes of the Virgin are also directed towards the symbol of the Saviour's sufferings; and a deep and earnest expression, a certain foreboding sadness, occasioned probably by the scene between the children and her recent study of the prophets, appears to pervade her countenance; at the same time, her look is so calm and replete with tenderness, as greatly to enhance the beauty of her expression. To describe the grace and depth of feeling united in this picture, would be impossible. It is a complete poem, in which three lovely characters are minutely portrayed. It is very obvious that no other than Raphael's hand ever touched this picture, which is a specimen of his finest manner, and, to all appearance, painted during the first year of his residence at Rome. Besides an indescribable depth of expression, and beauty of composition and drawing, it exhibits all that transparency, and yet vigour, in the chiaro-oscuro, which Raphael possessed in so eminent a degree. The carnations are so clear, that you seem almost to see the blood circulate beneath the skin."

M. Joubert has executed the outline plates of this fine collection with great fidelity and purity.

The Shakespeare Gallery. From Drawings executed under the direction and superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath. Part I. Tilt.

THIS publication applies to Shakespeare the principle which has of late been so extensively applied to modern authors, of illustrating their productions by portraits of the chief female characters. It is a system of which we have already said we do not entirely approve; but if Byron and Scott, and others, are to be so illustrated, there can be no reason why Shakespeare should be neglected. Surely, however, the title of "The Shakespeare Gallery," though subsequently qualified, is too ambitious for the object of the work. Here our criticism ends. We are charmed with the plates in the first Part; especially with "Viola," engraved by W. H. Mote, from a drawing by H. Meadows, and "Beatrice," engraved by J. Thomson, from a drawing by J. Hayter.

Ludewig Van Beethoven. Stieler, pinxt.

N. Hanhart, lithog. Stumpff.

Or course we are not qualified to say whether or not the print before us is a faithful resemblance of the magnificent composer whose name it bears; but it is evidently the portrait of no common man. Powerful genius, and profound feeling, are manifested in every feature, as well as in the general expression.

MUSIC.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.

THE fifth concert, under the direction of the Duke of Cumberland, included a good selection from *Acis and Galatea*; the choruses, "Immortal Lord," from *Deborah*; "Hear us, O Lord!" from *Judas Maccabeus*; "The many rend the skies," from *Alexander's Feast*; and Wilbye's beautiful madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bees." Madame Malibran de Beriot sang Cimarosa's "Ah! parlate," from *Il Sacerfizio d'Abramo*, and Mozart's "Non più di fiori;" in which last she was charmingly

accompanied by Willman. In natural sensibility, united with the highest possible degree of cultivation, she is peerless as ever; her voice, too, is in fine order, the upper notes having now recovered more than their pristine beauty. If she could rein in her exuberant fancy, and adhere more faithfully to the composer's text, she would be absolutely perfect. "But then she executes her ornamental passages with such exquisite grace and finish!" Granted; but they are often not at all germane to the matter in hand, and we oppose, on principle, the modern Italian fashion of turning every song into a *soffeggio*. Madame De Beriot descended the chromatic scale twice in the course of one of her songs, for no earthly purpose, that we could discover, but that of shewing the audience how neatly and gracefully she could execute that sort of passage. Now, there is a lamentable want of true artist-like enthusiasm in this immolation of the composer's design at the shrine of individual vanity. Besides, her fame is so well established, that there is no necessity for her to be continually shewing off these feats of agility. If, with her half-Spanish, half-Italian graces of style, she could combine that veneration for the composer which is almost invariably shewn by the less mechanically clever, but more intellectual, vocalists of the German school, what a glorious singer she might be! Miss Hawes sang "Return, O God of Hosts!" and the upper part of Calcott's glee, "Thou art beautiful," in an excellent style, and with good expression, so far as her voice would second her intention. She was remarkably well received. The other singers were Mrs. Knyvett, and Messrs. Vaughan, Phillips, &c. The concert was attended by her majesty and a numerous audience. Q.

MDLLE. OSTERGARD's concert, last Thursday, was very various and attractive. We never heard her voice to so much advantage as in a solo, accompanied by Mr. Sedlatzek on the flute. Herr Kroff sang a delicious ballad; "Der Polinder;" his first appearance, we believe. Miss Clara Novello was most effective in "Farewell ye limpid streams." Among the instrumental portion we must particularise Madame Dutchen, certainly the most brilliant of female pianists.

Messrs. Sedlatzek and Brizzi had a most brilliant concert on Monday last. The talent they had collected was first-rate. Mad. G. Grisi was rapturously encoined in the favourite air from the *Puritani*, "Son vergin vezoso." So was Lablache, in the duet with his son, "Un segreto importante." Well, the English may, or not, be a musical nation; but, at all events, concert after concert is crowded, and by audiences with, at least, the appearance of extreme enjoyment.

The concert of Rosina Collins on Tuesday last was certainly a wonderful exhibition. Of all talents, music is the most precocious; but rarely is it so developed as in this extraordinary child. It is a curious sight to see the little creature take up her violin, and perform with a degree of taste and execution far beyond her years. The little Rosina was assisted by Miss Lanza, Miss Bruce, and her two sisters, one of whom sang pleasingly.

Societa Armonica.—The fourth concert on Monday was various and successful. We trust that, one way or another, music will at length come to have national cultivation amongst us.

DRAMA.

Drury Lane, with Malibran, at 125*l*. per night, as is said, which would pay six or eight

of our greatest native artists in tragedy and comedy per week, hardly clears the expense, and on the alternate nights the theatre is a desert, be the performances ever so good: such is the certain effect of the extravagant starving and puffing system. A Mr. Paumier, from Cork, essayed *Hamlet* on Tuesday, and was respectable in most parts: *Laertes* was about equally well done by Mr. Graham, from Edinburgh.

Covent Garden.—Power's benefit on Monday was a bumper, as it richly deserved to be, with himself in three characters, and *Etiquette*, a clever novelty. With Macready the house has also been a nightly overflow.

The Haymarket, with good old comedies, the ballet, and lively farce, is going on prosperously.

English Opera.—The *Smuggler of St. Breur* is a complete hit here. Serle, the noble *Smuggler*, is excellent, and Mrs. Keeley, as his devil-skin of a son, inimitable. Salter and M'lan are smugglers of the first dramatic order. Miss Harvey is brought a little out in a slight part, and Oxberry fills up the whole in great style.

VARIETIES.

New Club.—The prospectus of a new club, to be called the Spencer Club, has just been handed to us. It proclaims the expediency of founding another place of resort of this description, on account of the crowded lists of candidates for The United Service, The Athenaeum, The Oriental, and The Travellers' Clubs; and, further, that its regulations will most particularly discourage all tendency to play, and all party feeling: the object being to form a union of naval, military, literary, and travelled men, with an extensive collection of domestic and foreign literature. The design, therefore, is, at all events, perfectly laudable; and if a good committee take it in hand, it will, no doubt, go on and prosper.

Horticultural Society.—On Saturday the first flower-show for the season took place at the Chiswick Gardens. The company was more numerous than distinguished by rank or fashion, and, owing to the unfavourable weather during the spring months, the exhibition was mediocre.

Gresham College.—A composition by Mr. Lucas gained the Gresham prize this year, which was delivered to the fortunate candidate, as usual, by the lord mayor, at the Mansion House. It is spoken of as a very skilful and fine piece.

Steam Marriages!—It may be important to state, that the Preston and Glasgow Railway passes through Gretna Green. It will be easily possible to travel from London to the forge matrimonial and back again to London on the same day; and what is, perhaps, of still greater consequence in an elopement, the railroad trains cannot overtake each other, so that pursuit will be vain.—*Edinburgh Weekly Journal*.

Rome.—The anniversary of the founding of Rome was observed with great ceremony by the antiquaries and learned men there, on the 21st of April. Among other things, an interesting report was read of the produce of excavations in the forum.

Ashmolean Society, May 6.—The president in the chair. A limited number of copies of the "Memoirs," printed by the Society, were stated to be on sale. Mr. Philip Duncan read a paper "On the remains of Roman art found in Britain, as illustrated by specimens in the Museum;" and Dr. Daubeney made some com-

ments on a passage in Dr. John Davy's recently published life of his brother, Sir Humphry Davy; and replied to some objections brought against the chemical theory of volcanoes in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*.—*Oxford Herald*.

The chancellor's prize for the best English poem, was last week adjudged to Thomas Whytehead, of St. John's College. Subject, "The Empire of the Sea."—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

The *Cambridge Chronicle* also states, that Mr. Cockerill's design for the new library has been selected by a large majority of votes. The other competing plans were those of Messrs. Rickman and Co. and Mr. Wilkins.

Scientific Pun.—A gentleman was shewing a friend a balloon of ox-bladder inflated with oxygen. "But (observed the friend) if the oxygen should escape, how can you get it into the bladder again?" "That is not the difficulty (quoth a by-stander), it is not how to get the oxygen into the bladder again, but how to get the bladder into the ox-again!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Colburn, who, we observe, has opened a printing and publishing establishment at Windsor, announces a Historical View of English Literature, by the Viscount de Chateaubriand. A new work by Miss Landon, entitled, "Facts and Trials of Early Life." A new and improved edition to the present time, of Captain Brenton's Naval Memoirs, in Ten Monthly Parts; and a volume on the Violin, by Mr. George Dubouche, with an account of its most eminent professors.

In the Press.

The Harmony of Phenology with the Doctrines of Christianity; being a Refutation of the Errors of Mr. Combe, &c. by Mr. Scott, of Teviotbank.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Statesman, by Henry Taylor, Esq., Author of "Philip Van Artevelde," 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—The Works of Sir John Suckling, with Life of the Author, by the Rev. A. Suckling, LL.B. royal 8vo. 21s. bds.—Alice; or Love's Triumph, a Metrical Romance, with other Poems, by Joseph Middleton, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—The Life of Thomas Eddy, by S. L. Knapp, post 8vo. 6s. cloth.—Coghlan's Guide to St. Petersburg and Moscow, 18mo. 8s. bds.—The Return to Faith, exemplified in the Life of William Koelner, from the German, by Samuel Jackson, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cloth.—Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts of England in 1835, by Sir George Head, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Rookwood, 4th edition, with Portrait, and 13 Illustrations by George Cruikshank, 1 vol. post 8vo. 15s. cloth.—The Works of Sir Thomas Browne, edited by S. Wilkin, 4 vols. 8vo. 2*l*. 8s. cloth; royal 8vo. 4*l*. 4s. cloth.—Captain Back's Narrative of the Arctic Land Expedition in 1833, 34, 35, 8vo. 30s. cloth.—Outlines of Shakespeare's Tempest, illustrated in 12 Copper-plate Engravings, with the appropriate Text in English, German, French, and Italian, imp. 4to. 12*l*. proofs, 21*l*. cloth.—Life of the First Earl of Shaftesbury, by B. Martyn and Dr. Kippis, edited by G. W. Cooke, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. bds.—Hebrew Exercises to Stuart and Lee's Hebrew Grammars, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Plauti Mœchmech, with Notes, &c. edited by J. Hildyard, 8vo. 6s. cloth.—Progressive Exercises in Writing German, by Wilhelm Klauer Klattowski, with 6 Plates, 12mo. 5s. cloth.—Discourses on Typical Subjects, by the Rev. Thomas Page, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cloth.—Shades of Character, by Mrs. Woodroffe, new edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. cloth.—Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc in 1834, by M. Barry, M.D., 8vo. 4s. bds.—Old Toby's Addresses to his Friends, fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Apology for Lord Byron, with Miscellaneous Poems, by S. Prentiss, A.M., post 8vo. 8s. bds.—Sacred Pneumatology, or the Scripture Doctrine of the Holy Spirit, by the Rev. Joseph Wilson, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—The Reliquary, by Bernard and Lucy Barton, with a Prefatory Appeal for Poetry and Prose, fcap. 3s. 6d. cloth.—The Ornithologist's Text Book, by Neville Wood, Esq., fcap. 4s. 6d. cloth.—British Song Birds; being Popular Descriptions and Anecdotes of the Choristers of the Grove, by N. Wood, Esq. fcap. 7s. cloth.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. Arrears of Several Scientific Societies in our next. We are compelled to omit our notice of the sixth Ancient Concert until next week.

ERRATA.—In our last week's *Gazette*, p. 316, col. 1, line 14 from the bottom, for *ione* read *low*; ditto, line 9 ditto, for *Vega*, a plain, read *Vega*, or plain; and in the same page, col. 3, line 29 from the bottom, for *neathers* read *northern*.

THE VISIONARY.

By LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.
Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Longman.

Next week will appear, in 3 vols. 8vo. with a Portrait, from a Bust by Chantrey, a 2d edition of
REMAINS of the late ALEXANDER KNOX, Esq. of Dublin, M.R.I.A.; containing Letters and Essays on the Doctrines and Philosophy of Christianity, and the distinctive Character of the Church of England.
London: James Duncan, 37 Paternoster Row.

In a few days will be published, in 8vo. 3d Edition of
AN ANALYSIS of the TEXT of the HISTORY of JOSEPH, upon the Principles of Professor Lee's Hebrew Grammar, and adapted to the Second Edition of it.
By the Rev. ALFRED COLLIVANT, M.A., F.C.P.S.,
Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Vice-Principal of St. David's College, and one of the Examining Chaplains to the Lord Bishop of St. David's.
London: James Duncan, 37 Paternoster Row.

On the 5th will be published, price 4s.
I O N. A Tragedy.
By Mr. SERJEANT TALFOURD.
Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

8 New Burlington Street, May 31, 1830.
Mr. Bentley will publish during the present month, the following
NEW WORKS.
Now first published, in 3 vols. 8vo. with Portrait,
THE LIFE of the FIRST EARL of SHAFTESBURY.
From Original Documents in the possession of the Family.
By Mr. B. MARTYN and Dr. KIPPIS.
Edited by G. WINDROVE COOKE, Esq.
Author of "Memoirs of Lord Boleynbrooke."—Now ready.

II.
Mrs. Hemmell's New Work.
In 3 vols. post 8vo.
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Excursions in Switzerland, &c.
By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq.
Author of "The Pilot," "The Spy," &c.

IV.
In 3 vols. post 8vo.
The Mountain Decameron.
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2d edition, with new Preface, &c. in 2 vols. 8vo. with numerous characteristic Illustrations,
Paris and the Parisians in 1835.
By Frances Trollope,
Author of "Domestic Manners of the Americans," &c.

VI.
The Three Eras of Woman's Life.
By Elizabeth Elton Smith.
3 vols. (Now ready).

VII.
James's Naval History.
In monthly Parts, price 5s. each (to be completed in Ten Parts),
Part I. with Three Portraits, to appear with the Magazine, on the 31st of May.

James's Naval History of Great Britain,
With a Continuation of the History to the present time, and Anecdotes and Illustrative Notes.
By Captain F. Chanier, R.N.

VIII.
In monthly volumes, in 8vo. neatly bound, with numerous Portraits and other Engravings (to be completed in Four Volumes),
Vol. I. to be published with the Magazine on the 31st of May,
Bourrienne's celebrated Memoirs of the Emperor Napoleon,
With Anecdotes and Illustrative Notes, from the most Authentic Sources.

CAPTAIN BRENTON'S NAVAL MEMOIRS.
On the 1st of June, will be published, with the Magazine, revised and completed to the present time, Part I. price 3s. 6d. (to be completed in 10 Monthly Parts, embellished with numerous fine Portraits, Plans of Battles, &c.).

NAVAL MEMOIRS of HIS OWN TIME.
By EDWARD PELHAM BRENTON, Captain R.N.
A Work like the present, proceeding from the pen of an officer whose whole life has been one of active service—who has either borne a part in the memorable scenes which, during the late war shed such lustre on the British flag, or has received the details from the lips of other distinguished actors in them, will, it is confidently presumed, prefer no ordinary claims on the public attention.

N.B. With the view of preventing disappointment in the early delivery of the Work, Orders are requested to be sent immediately to the various Booksellers.
Published by Henry Colburn, Windsor. Sold by John Cunningham, Dublin; and every respectable Bookseller in the Kingdom.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

3 St. James's Square, May 16.
Littich Ritchie's New Romance.
In 3 vols. post 8vo.
THE MAGICIAN.
By LEITCH RITCHIE, Esq.
Author of "The Pictorial Annual," &c.
"Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?"—Othello.
John Macrone, St. James's Square.

New Work by the Author of "Cavendish."
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